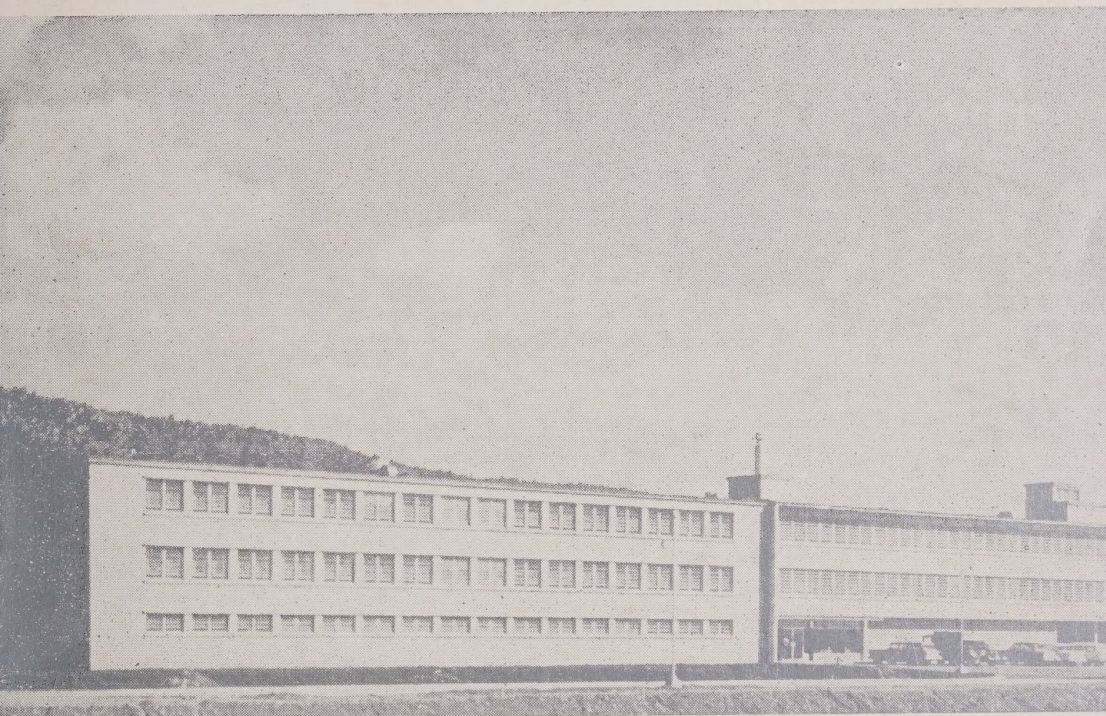


TELESCOPE

JULY

1962



The scientific trend in modern penology is toward making prison a part of the community. It points to more integration of prisoners with — and less isolation of them from — society, so that they may become responsible citizens. See HANEY LEADS THE WAY — page 4.

"THE K.P. TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED TO PROVIDE THE INMATES WITH A MEDIUM OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND COMMUNICATION, IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

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Editorials

SENTENCING

A SEMINAR ON SENTENCING, that ran for several days, was held recently at Queen's University Faculty of Law. *Kingston Whig-Standard* reports the object was to discuss way and means to eliminate, if possible, the present prevalence of inappropriate sentencing. Judges, magistrates, prosecutors and policemen, the national parole board, penitentiary officials and social scientists all were there, though no prisoners were invited.

Guest speaker, Warren Olney III, Director of administrative Office of U.S. Courts said that this country, too, is "plagued with the problem of disparity," and that inequities of sentencing had become unreasonable.

"I'm talking about differences so great they can't be explained," he is reported to have said, "disparities that have an element of injustice about them."

Prisoners, of course, have always known that what you did is often less important, in terms of severity of treatment, than whom you are sentenced by. But uniformity in sentencing is not what is needed so much as a straightforward purpose for sentencing.

For some jurists sentence an offender with a view toward rehabilitation while others act mainly in the interest of the public's vengeance and the deterrence of others, which they vaguely feel must add up to public safety. The former, who take a more humanistic and a longer view, knowing that 95% of all prisoners eventually get out again to mingle with the public, are aware that the social and spiritual maiming caused by harsh sentences is *not* in the public's interest.

Most jurists try to travel a middle road between the two extreme viewpoints. They sentence some offenders by one yardstick and some by another in an effort to do a hopeless job. It makes for an interesting and paradoxical situation:

Those who are given sentences designed to rehabilitate, the youths and first offenders, are the very ones who need rehabilitation least.

Jurists in a conversational corner will steadfastly maintain that prisons rehabilitate, and the alchemy of the law is of such convenience as to permit, in the handing down of a harsh sentence, punishment, deterrence, protection of the public and rehabilitation all at the same time.

But prisons do *not* rehabilitate, as records show, in eighty percent of the cases. The very principles of the sentence and its execution are often at cross purposes.

WHO'S DELINQUENT?

Another nuclear bomb-blast test and another. Then another and a couple more, each costing several million dollars of the little guy's money, each bringing us closer to probable doom.

"My club's bigger than yours!" one world leader cries tauntingly to another. "We can split the atom *sideways*."

"But our bombs are cleaner," comes the retort. "And our mushroom clouds are more esthetic to the eye. We do not want war. We hate war. We want to live in peace. But until the rest of the world parts its hair counterclockwise, as we do ours, there will be a grave possibility of war."

A professor of Psychiatry at John Hopkins University declares our world leaders act like mental patients.

"Nuclear war is impossible," he told a news reporter recently. "Everyone agrees to that. But trying to prevent it by building up nuclear armament simply aggravates the problem. We say it is for defense and security, yet there is no defense or security against nuclear war."

The psychiatrist watching today's nuclear saber-rattling charades quite naturally interprets in psychiatric terms. A prisoner in a penitentiary, however, is more apt to see it in criminological terms. Indeed, the frames of reference devised to differentiate between criminals and good guys would fit very nicely in some high places these days. Consequently it is difficult for a prisoner to feel sincere contrition over a comparatively small crime against person or property while constitutional psychopaths are preparing to incinerate the very world.

APOLOGY

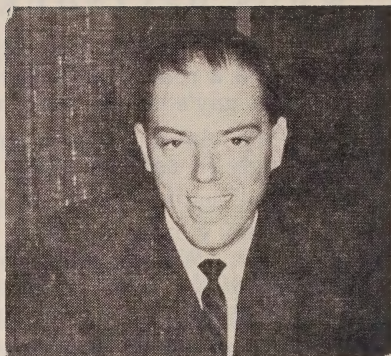
Last month a *Telescope* editorial deplored the "fact" that Magistrate L.A. Sherwood of Ottawa, one of our more progressive magistrates, missed seeing this prison while visiting other penal institutions in the area. We get our "facts" where and when we can on this job. They come hard and are often difficult or impossible to check. Sometimes we are guilty of divining or, as in this case, of misinterpreting the news we do get.

Federal Corrections, a government penal journal, reported Magistrate Sherwood's visit to Joyceville in detail, but made no mention of Kingston or Collin's Bay. We concluded, therefore, that Joyceville had been the extent of his visit. Now we find, that although we did not see him or hear about it, he stopped in here too.

Telescope apologizes for publishing a misinformation.

British Columbia's Haney Correctional Institution is regarded by experts as the most modern scientific, humane and effective reform institution in Canada. Kingston will never be like Haney, but the Federal Government, in its current penal reform program, is already adopting most of Haney's innovations in prisons of lesser security.

The following article by J. W. Braithwaite, Warden of Haney, is reprinted by special permission from the American Journal of Corrections.



J.W. Braithwaite

HANEY leads the way

J.W. Braithwaite

While we, in our more philosophical moments, recognize the fact that offenders are sent to prison as punishment and not for punishment, we have not embodied this concept into actual institutional practice. We also admit that virtually all men sent to correctional institutions will return to the community.

The recognition of these facts of correctional life is not reflected in institutional programs. Prisons remain exclusive. The public is looked upon as a group of busybodies or morbid curiosity seekers. Within the institution, the major portion of our effort is devoted to making offenders into good prisoners but not good citizens.

Canadians are most adept when it comes to borrowing concepts and adapting them to their own situation. Our total culture is to a large extent the product of a mixture of customs and ideas which have come to us from both Europe and the United States of America. Because of its proximity, the influence of American philosophy and

practice is much in evidence in Canada

While the initial program at Haney borrowed many of its facets from California, we realized that merely duplicating and adapting program content from other areas was not enough. If anything approaching a "new look" was to be achieved, a break had to be made with traditional practice. Moreover, if we were to do something different, we would have to establish certain guides and objectives. We took as our guide the concept of preparing men to live in a normal community. We assumed that whatever was done in the Institution would have to be justified in terms of assisting the individual offender to become a responsible citizen. In addition to this, we wished to make the Institution an integral part of the local community. Such an approach would greatly enhance and enrich the content of our program. It would also enable us better to fulfill our obligation to the public through a decrease in recidivism and an increase in services to the community and a greater public awareness.

To achieve these goals, three basic program criteria were established: the first was to make the institutional environment not only therapeutic but also apparently normal, or "community-like" as possible; the second was to have members of the community participate in institutional program, either as givers or as receivers of services; and finally, the men in the Institution must be given opportunity of participating in community life prior to their ultimate discharge.

What type of program has resulted over the past four years? The institutional environment approximates the conditions and reality of the outer world. The same program standards apply in the Institution as apply in the community. For example, our vocational training program, which includes some 14 separate trades, meets the same standards of training as the centers in the community.

Inmates who succeed in completing these courses are issued a graduation certificate from the Department of Education, which is indistinguishable from that issued to students who graduate from schools in the community.

There are many other ways in which the institutional community is made to reflect the realities of normal life. There are few fields of endeavour that have not been invaded by the fair sex. It is regrettable that more women have not pursued a career in corrections. In addition to having female stenographers and clerical workers on the staff at Haney, we are extremely fortunate that three of our staff of eight case workers are also women. These women greatly improve the atmosphere of the institution and, in a subtle way, help to maintain a desirable standard of conduct, not only among the inmates, but also among the male staff.

In the matter of dress also we have attempted to eliminate the traditional. Inmate clothing runs the range of blue-jeans, T-shirts, sun-tans, etc., but none of this clothing is numbered or otherwise identified as institution attire.

The khaki uniform of a correctional officer is gradually giving way to a standard issue of a grey business suit. This has helped to break down the oft found institutional dichotomy of custody and treatment. As a matter of fact, we do not use the terms "custody" or "treatment" in defining administrative entities. Instead, staff dealing directly with inmates are either Correctional Program staff or Specialized Program staff.



Twelve miles away is Gold Creek, a satellite forestry camp.

Correctional Program staff members are responsible for the general work program, security, recreation, lay counselling, and most group counselling. Specialized Program staff members are professionally trained personnel responsible for case work services, research, staff training and supervision in individual and group counseling, academic and vocational education, religious program, library program, and the medical program including psychiatric services. In this way all staff members are responsible for the development of a therapeutic approach and the maintenance of good order and security.

The maintenance and security and the development of a therapeutic approach are the two major differences

between the institutional community and the normal community. These differences reflect the different role of the institutional community, which is to hold the offender for the duration of the sentence and, at the same time, to prepare him for his eventual return to society.

All institutional resources are, therefore, focused on the individual. As in the normal community, there is no one single answer to all problems of the individual. Therefore, the admirable trade training facilities, or any other single facet of the institutional program, cannot be considered the exclusive answer. The offender is a complex individual. Vocational training, case work, religious program, and group counseling may help, but these are not in themselves a complete answer in the institutional community any more than they are in the normal community. Singly, they are only partial answers to the total problem. Together, they represent the resources of rehabilitation.



Visits on the lawn are relaxed and informal.

Making the institutional environment approximate the normal community encourages inmates to play a responsible role in program development. Opportunities are given to inmates to make decisions which affect

their lives. The choice of trade training, parole plans, expenditure of earnings, and choice of leisure-times activities, are all important. We must not make decisions for others. It is their lives and their decisions. Men cannot be taught to take responsibility and to make decisions without being given the opportunity of practising these arts.

This is true on the group level as well as on the individual level. Each living unit has a community meeting on a regular basis. All members of the living unit, plus the officer in charge and the case worker assigned to that unit, attend. Discussions, ranging from personal problems to matters of program and policy, are conducted in a free manner. This not only reduces any existing tension, but it also gives the men an opportunity to participate, to a degree in over-all institutional management.

Making the institution more normal is only one of the three prerequisites of the "Community Prison." Another is to enlist members of the outside community as active participants in the institutional program.

There is no such thing as maximum security visiting. Visiting either takes place in a room not unlike the lobby of a large hotel, or, weather permitting, at a picnic table on the lawn. Children are welcome because we feel it is important that the child and the father should maintain their relationship.

Efforts have been made to enlist family support for the institutional program. When Parole Board meetings are held in the institution, members of the inmate's family are invited to attend. They are encouraged to consult not only with members of the parole board, but also with the individual case worker regarding the progress of their father, husband or son. They are made aware of the requirements of obtaining and maintaining parole status. In this way it is possible to use the strength of the family unit in attacking the problem which has resulted in the family being split.

In attracting visitors to the institution, the prison administrator is in a position to educate the public and, at the same time, to enrich his program by the contributions of those who come to visit. For example, the Haney Correctional Institution is a recognized field-work agency for both the School of Social Work and the Department of Physical Education of the University of British Columbia. These student workers, with their fresh approach, keep our program from becoming stale.

We have heard a great deal over the years about the dangers of institutionalization. There is no danger of a crystallization of program if a rich stream of visitors is permitted and is not frozen by the cold draught of an unimaginative and withdrawn administration.

We have been impressed with the calibre of visitors and their contribution to program that we are currently developing a volunteer corps to assist us in activities ranging in diversity from recreation to research.

With the cooperation of the local school-board, the vocational courses in the Institution were made available to the public as night school programs. Sixteen courses ranging from cake decorating to welding were offered. Both male and female citizens attended these courses from September to March. The public relations value of this program has been extremely satisfactory.

We have in our Institutions a Drama Group which, to date, has presented four plays. Female parts have been taken by members of the local community. All four plays have been presented in the Institution itself, and the public has been invited to attend. It is estimated that these plays have enjoyed a cumulative audience of approximately 20,000.

Another important way in which our program tries to contribute to the local community is demonstrated by the work carried out by the Forestry Camp (capacity, 60 men), located 12 miles from the main Institution. The work program is concerned with the development of a

large park. In the summer the men serve as fire suppression crews. The men range throughout the park in absolute minimum security while serving their full sentences. As a matter of fact they are referred to as "serving their sentence while serving the community."

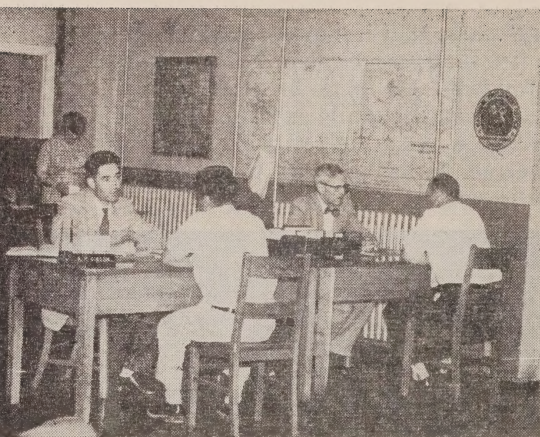


Weekly meeting between Warden and inmate council.

The inclusion of citizens in the overall program and the provision of services to the community not only integrates the prison with the community but it builds up a positive public sentiment. Abraham Lincoln stated: "Public sentiment is everything; with public sentiment nothing can fail; without it, nothing can succeed!"

The final step in merging the institution and the community is reached when every practical opportunity is used to take inmates into the world beyond the institution. This is the world to which they will return, and they must not lose contact with it. Such trips to the community maintain the inmates' interest in the outer world, reduce some of their tensions, and encourage a more realistic approach to eventual release.

Whenever possible, the institutional program at Haney is affiliated with similar programs in the community. All athletic teams play Home and away games in community leagues. Our boxing club participates in the Province-wide Golden Gloves competition. There is an Institution bowling league in the winter, and the men go each Saturday to bowl in the community.



Trainees who will soon be available to Canada's labour market go down town to register at the National Employment Office.

The efforts of the Drama Club culminated in its winning the British Columbia One-Act Play Festival in Victoria, our Provincial capital. In order to compete, the Club had to travel to the capital by boat and remain there for two nights.

However, the most important trips into the community are associated with solving problems of the men themselves. The majority of these trips, designed to make the fullest use of specialized community resources, begin in our pre-release camp. The community-focused institution must have a well-organized pre-release program. While pre-release planning begins the moment a man enters the institution, it should increase in tempo until it reaches its peak in a specialized pre-release unit.

We have a minimum-security pre-release unit for sixty men — or one sixth of our total population — located within easy walking distance of the main institution. This makes it possible for the men to live in a setting which requires more individual responsibility, and yet permits them to draw upon the multiple resources of both the parent institution and the community at large.

Men at the camp journey to two large cities approximately 30 to 40

miles away. Frequently this is done without escort, as a result of Partial Parole. A Partial Parole is one which is granted to a man in the penultimate phase of his institutional program. Under authority delegated by the National Parole Board, I may release an inmate for specified periods of time in order that he "may engage in employment or other rehabilitative activities."

Thus, some men go to the city to help solve family problems prior to discharge. Others are seeking employment. Still others are actively employed and are awaiting final discharge. Those who are employed are able to help support, or totally support, their families. In an average month, over 600 man-trips are made into the community by not only the men at the Pre-Release Camp but also by men from the Forestry Camp and the Institution itself. (In June 1961 as many as 853 man-trips were made into the community, which works out at almost two trips per man for the month.)

We have had two men abscond while on such trips. We do not find this alarming. If a man can not assume individual responsibility, while on temporary leave in the community, then he is obviously not ready to accept the responsibilities of parole or complete freedom.

If we are to rise above the traditions of the past in institutional programs, we must consider making our prisons more a part of the community. This means that prisons should reflect community conditions in a much more realistic manner. The public must be encouraged to play a more active role in the institutional program. The offender must be permitted to return to the community prior to his discharge, in order to avail himself of the most appropriate resources possible.

The community-conscious institutional program involves the citizen, the man who pays the bills. It helps acquaint him with the problems of corrections. Once acquainted with these problems, the citizen is likely to be less critical and more cooperative.



The Tobacco Tragedy

Neil Hicks

At today's session of the Royal Commission on Tobacco, Dr. Wm. E. Radcliffe held the floor.

"Smoking ought to be regarded as a medical and not as a police problem," Dr. Radcliffe said. "We wouldn't think of imprisoning diabetics, let us say, and making it illegal for doctors to treat them."

It could all be traced back to 1970, the doctor said, the year Canada passed the first legislation against the use of tobacco. That was when the trouble started—"trouble that grew into the greatest witch hunt this country has ever seen."

Dr. Radcliffe, a small, intense-looking man in horn-rimmed glasses, then proceeded to trace the development of what he called "the tobacco tragedy," illustrating certain points on a blackboard that had been supplied for the purpose.

Besides the members of the Commission, various politicians, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, police and accredited news representatives filled the great vaulted chamber to capacity: for this was an 'open hearing' although live TV cameras had been banned by Chief Justice Phillip Morris as part of a ruling handed down last week. He deplored the "using of the Commission as a political football" at the time.

Certainly, cigaret smoking could — over an extended period of time — cause cancer in some people, the doctor agreed. But so could smog. And loose dentures were known sometimes to cause mouth cancer. He pointed out how

a series of innocently-intended policies and situations had compounded into disaster.

In 1962 a Northern Ontario newspaper had begun refusing cigaret ads as a matter of conscience. Other newspapers followed suit, editorializing at length on the question. The government at that time was in the midst of a physical-fitness program for Canadians. There was at first a mild concern, then a gathering hysteria. Canadians at that time were an intensely medically-oriented people.



A prominent church which had previously sanctioned smoking withdrew its sanction. Sermons were preached and smoking entered the realm of morals. Public opinion colored. There were well-meaning anti-cigaret campaigns, complete with slogans like:

**CLEAN LUNGS
CLEAN MIND
LEAVE EVIL BEHIND!**

The vast majority of smokers quit, in public at least, but there were some who continued in defiance. And so legislation came prohibiting the use of tobacco, and smokers — who a year earlier had been moral and yesterday merely immoral — became criminals.

Legal tobacco avenues were cut off entirely. But racketeers were quick to **IN WEED RAID**. And so on.

take advantage and for a time smoke-easies were operated by smoke-leggers at great profit. Then stiffer legislation followed, putting them out of business and driving the smokers deeper underground. Police were granted permanent John-Doe warrants and a man's home was no longer his legal castle.

When one is a criminal it is easy to believe most anything of him. He cannot defend himself. Consequently, old wives' tales sprang up over the years, with lurid and imaginative descriptions of the 'cigaret fiend's' depravity. Sensational fiction was taken at face value because there was no one in a position to refute it, and the stereotypes grew among the pure of lung and mind. Cigaret fiends came to be thought of as the vilest types — scrawny, wild-eyed devils of unnatural tastes who skulked the alleys by night, raping children and committing acts of vandalism, and so it went.

It had long been illegal to grow tobacco in Canada, but other countries obligingly stepped up their production to satisfy the demand: for some people would not quit. Police got tougher and, as the risk to the dealers increased, prices rose higher, until most steady consumers found themselves faced with giving up the habit or resorting to crime to support it. Some did give up; many did not.

Meanwhile, because of the sheer perverseness of human nature, others began smoking. The problem was perpetuated by the *solution*. A new breed of tobacco fiend had risen with a generation that had never known legal smoking. Adventurous young people were contaminated by the very prohibition, perversely lured by the aura of false glamor that had evolved.

BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS ADMITS TOBACCO ORGIES. "Everybody does it in Hollywood," she says. "Why shouldn't I?"
PROMINENT PLAYBOY CAUGHT

To the unstable ones growing up in insecure and troubled world, even drastic legal consequences could not outweigh the attraction of smoking. Kids began as daredevils tasting a forbidden fruit and went on to develop a psychological dependence, and to some extent a physical one.

International politicians were partially successful in having tobacco growing suppressed and controlled in far-away parts of the world, but that did not seem to help much. Longer prison terms were meted out in Canada and the police found small opposition, convictions in tobacco-possession cases being handed down on the strength of the merest traces (sworn to by a government analyst), so slight as to be visible only under a microscope to the eye of a trained laboratory technician.

But cigaret smoking did not 'dry up' as the police had predicted. Pushers grew 'shag' and other inferior tobaccos, set up chemical labs to extract nicotine and various other alkaloids. These alkaloids were the very essence of tobacco and could be transported or hidden with greater safety. Later they could be adulterated with sawdust and straw to be sold at fantastic profit, bringing 6, 10, even 20 dollars a smoke at street level. Tobacco Police could measure their success in current street prices.

Cases were reported of schoolchildren smoking and a new wave of hysteria began. Newspaper editorials called for heavier sentences for pushers and — since many pushers were smokers themselves — heavier sentences for smokers too.

Underworld tobacco syndicates built a multimillion-dollar market. And it was reliable, for there were not enough prisons in the country to hold more than half the 'known smokers' at any one time. Whichever half were free could be counted upon as dependable prostitutes for the syndicates, stealing, cheating, doing anything they could to turn a fast dollar for an illegal smoke, chew—or even a sniff of the stuff.

The rate of crimes against property rose until police estimated tobacco fiends to be responsible for 50% of all reported crimes. Newspapers, in turn, waxed sensational on the extended crime wave'.

Get the pushers and tobacco traffic will dry up, they proclaimed. Then, perhaps for variety, they would alternate their stand and cry, *Get the smokers and the pushers will go out of business*.

The police, feeling the pressure, formed still more raiding squads. By day and night they listened at keyholes, peeked over transoms and tapped telephone lines. They set elaborate traps, often masquerading themselves as smokers so that they could live in skid row dives for months on end.

Smokers and street peddlers were easy enough prey. The police could trap them almost at will because they had to handle the stuff personally. But the big operators—the ones who made money—were extremely difficult to catch and convict, and some of them had very good connections. The situation clearly called for more legislation, it was said, and Ottawa rose to the occasion.

It was decreed that anyone found in possession of tobacco (or any derivative thereof) for the purpose of trafficking would be treated as an actual trafficker. It proved to be a fine law for the police, for once charged the onus lay on the accused tobacco user to prove he did not intend to traffic, which, of course, was virtually impossible. Police efficiency rose to a new high and many top trial lawyers began refusing tobacco cases because they were so difficult to win.

As laws and penalties piled up more formidably, prices rose commensurate with the risk. The demand for tobacco did not slacken, however, for although many smokers would have liked to 'take the cure,' doctors were prohibited from treating them. Crime rose with increased tobacco prices.

Then, after fully fifty years of the futile crusade to 'stamp out' the crime

of smoking the ultimate law was passed, allowing the police to bypass the courts in smokers cases, thus committing them for an indeterminate period.

"They will be released when cured," Ottawa said. "But we know of no cure."

A year after the law had been enacted it was not yet invoked because there simply weren't enough penitentiaries. But the government was building and planning for the coming purge and that was when the medical and social scientists organized and pressed for the Royal Commission of Enquiry.



Some two and a half years ago this paper reported the emmigration of Canadian smokers to England which began when two desperate expatriots landed there and found themselves regarded not as criminals, but as sick people. They received medical treatment legally, found gainful employment and lived — as they never had been able to in Canada — without the eternal fear of the rooming-house door coming crashing down as the Tobacco Squad rushed in; of being leapt upon and clubbed or throttled unconscious before one could swallow the cigaret stub he might be carrying; of being stopped in public and one's fingers and teeth examined for the tell-tale stains of a smoker; of being sent to prison for long stretches.

They gave up formal alliance to the country of their birth and became naturalized citizens of England.

News filtered back to Canada and an estimated 5000 smokers swore they would get to England at all cost. Their resolution, however, proved quite unrealistic. With the cost of their habits running up to \$100 daily, few managed to save enough for boat-fare. But during two years sixty-seven Canadian smokers did get to England.

A sixty-seven-man task force isn't very big by today's standards, but their accounts of the Canadian situation captured the interest of medical and

government circles in England. That interest was eventually reflected across the Atlantic to similar circles here, and the Royal Commission resulted.

Dr. Radcliffe, during today's presentation, was challenged on debatable points by prominent police officials who have attended throughout the enquiry. Objections for the most part, however, were to the doctor's choice of words rather than his facts.

Yesterday Dr. Radcliffe did the challenging.

"The record is too good. No police force could properly be that nearly infallible," he said yesterday when Police Commissioner Anderson gave figures on smoking convictions. At another point he took exception to the Commissioner's reference to 'compulsory hospitalization,' which he said was a "vicious euphemism for imprisonment."

An official of the prominent church that years ago sanctioned smoking, then later withdrew the sanction, said that, "under certain circumstances" his church would consider sanctioning smoking again "in some cases," if the government repealed its prohibition. "A modern church must move with the times," he said.

A representative of another prominent church took a different view.

"That man should be allowed to defile his lungs is ridiculous," he said. "Smokers must return to God."

"This enquiry would not have taken so long. We don't want to waste the taxpayer's money," Chief Justice Philip Morris told the press. "But serious charges have been made and we have to be thorough. That is why we visited prisons last week and arranged to have smokers let out of their cells to give testimony."

Sessions are now entering the fourteenth week and are expected to close on or about Thursday, the 27th of this month, at which time the members of the Commission will retire to evaluate the evidence, compile their report and make appropriate recommendations.



On The Bias

J.S.B.

Last month's column was devoted to a rather facetious attempt at auto-psychoanalysis. The purpose of my probe was to distinguish between the criminal and the more complex type, the social rebel. This month I will continue — but in a more serious vein.

The early training of most youngsters, and mine was no exception, appears to be based on a combination of morality and common sense. To be a credit to his community, I was taught, a man must earn his living and thereby contribute something to the well-being of his fellow man. To make a living without working for it, to become a burden for his fellow citizens to carry, would be immoral and possibly downright illegal. I was taught that the man who consumed more than he produced was either a parasite or a criminal. The simplicity of that principle appealed to me and to this day I can find no fault with the basic philosophy.

Firmly convinced that right was right and wrong was nobody I started to work at my first job. Right from the first day I started shedding illusions

like discarded raiment. Life was a paradox! Everybody knew the principles by rote — nobody, it appeared however, lived according to them.

From earliest childhood I had been taught to revere the truth. My first instructions in my new job concerned the telling of a lie. There was no way out of it. I was being paid to do as I was told — I was told to tell a lie. Not a big lie. I just had to tell anyone who asked that the warehouse foreman had gone to the express office. Actually he was at the nearest hotel having a beer. Trivial? Perhaps — but it was only the first rung on the ladder of disillusionment with pure cynicism at the top.

During the first two weeks, by shelving my youthful idealism, I managed to handle my job as invoice clerk and became indistinguishable among the other members of the warehouse staff. Then the big day — my first pay! The first money I had ever earned. It's hard to explain but that first pay was more important to me than any other money before or since. I picked up my check on the way out and didn't look at it until I got home. At home, in the privacy of my room, I unfolded the check and held it up to the light so I could admire it and gloat over it. Another psychic hotfoot — I had been gypped, shortchanged!

When my father came home I showed him the check and told him my tale of woe. All was explained. I had not been gypped. My money was all there — less the usual deductions of course. I didn't understand. My father explained it to me. I still don't understand.

I knew what he was talking about — I understand the language quite well. What I couldn't understand was how he could justify such barefaced robbery after teaching me to live according to his principle of truth, honesty and a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

He explained the first deduction: Income tax. The government it seems, penalizes everybody who earns any money. The more you make the greater

the penalty. If you break the law you pay a fine — if you earn some money you pay a tax. Same deal, different name.

Second deduction: Group insurance. I didn't order any insurance and I didn't want any. I had no choice apparently.

Third deduction: Union dues. I didn't belong to the union. I had no desire to join a union and furthermore I hadn't been asked to join. It seemed there was something called a check-off in force and I became a payer of dues automatically upon being hired. I could join the union or not at my leisure.

Fourth deduction: Donation to an organized charity. I don't recall being asked to donate and furthermore I don't believe in donating.

Those four deductions from my first pay check were very important elements in my transition from a wide-eyed, naive member of the herd, to an intransigent rebel.

My objection to income tax: Sheer injustice! The money was taken from me against my will. I call it robbery. I don't object to taxation itself. Money can be raised for the government by taxing any number of things. Tax everything a man buys with his earnings and I wouldn't complain. Don't tax the source. That's like raising a fruit tree and then cutting off the roots for fire wood. Taxing my earnings didn't make money for the government — it just removed my incentive for earning. I don't object to working but I refuse to carry any free-loaders.

Group insurance is I am sure, a very worthy cause. I know it makes insurance possible for people who could not afford a policy individually. Once again, I don't object on principle — I object as an individual who insists on

making his own decisions even if they are wrong ones and thusly retaining his identity. I will not voluntarily become a member of any group.

My objection to the check-off of union dues was a trifle different. I objected only because I wasn't asked. I am not and never was anti-union. I would not join a union but I don't object to paying for the benefits of the union. My sole objection was the check-off system. Had they come to me personally I would have paid my way gladly.

Donation to an organized charity: No, a thousand times no! The thought of money being extorted from me for such a purpose makes my toes curl. As I have stated before, I refuse to carry any free-loaders. Those who do not produce have no right to consume. Organized charities they call themselves. Millions of dollars they milk the public for every year. If it were possible to take a peek at their books I'm sure they would show that about 90% of those millions was spent on real estate and that all encompassing term, administration. Their aim is to do good and they do right well!

Four deductions from my first pay check did not make me a rebel. Far from it. I only mention them as typical frustrations in day to day existence. My reason for this lengthy discourse as to justify my statement: I am not a criminal. I am more of a rebel.

I have no desire to injure the honest, hard working citizen. Neither do I envy him — as a type that is. As I see him he is a member of the herd, he has all the bovine characteristics, he has no identity. He is not an individual but part of a large organism. As I see most members of society, they are seeking to obliterate themselves, seeking oblivion in the anonymity of total regimentation.

The Eds.

The author of the above, when cornered in the Telescope office, donated a dollar for K.P.'s Adoption Fund.

PINKY

The Unredeemed Thief

Stewy

PINKY SAT one row back from the small group of 'old-timers' in the bleacher seats. Pinky was shaved and showered. His 'banker' straight-lasts were lustrous. His trousers were tailored expertly and pressed sharply. An 'Acapulco' prison-designed shirt and brilliant blue socks of a soft synthetic were complemented by 'Farouk' sunglasses, a tanned healthy skin, and a glistening array of pens and pencils clipped in the specially-designed shirt pocket.

An impartial observer — even one unschooled in the social sciences — could have seen at a glance that Pinky and the six felons sitting close by him were not merely tailor-shop dandies. Not one of them was youthful or handsome, nor could any be called 'soft-spoken.' They varied in age, in size, in many small ways. Yet these seven convicts *were* all of one pattern and cut from the same roll of rough burlap.

Collectively, these seven had already served more than a century in many prisons. They had more than a century left to serve in this one.

The lines on each of their faces could be interpreted (by anyone who knew the rudiments of criminology) as easily as an illustrated road-map. Those deepening lines, those eroded paths of brutality, cunning, and pure evil were

scarred into their faces as though by an engraver's tool. A continuing hatred of 'society' and a deep cynicism dwelt behind each pair of veiled, cold, cobra-like eyes. Almost every crime in the book — except a few morals charges — was well represented here. No dissemblance on their part could conceal this aura of evil. None but the least analytical or the most untrained person could fail to sense the frightening potential of stark ruthlessness, the inborn amorality, the vast reservoirs of knowledge and practice of utter criminality that resided in and about these seven vicious thugs.

From this group of the prison's 'elite' (the *hard core* of the population) the authoritative voice of Louie could be heard carrying on a desultory conversation with an equally-bored-to-death Buddy. Louie, king of the king-pins, was an internationally-known hoodlum who had controlled the criminal half of two continents. The newspapers had portrayed him as: "a man in whom all criminality is concentrated."

"What goes with our friend, Suitcase, over there?" Buddy asked. He pointed with his cigar in the direction of the long prison wall to where a pair of convicts strolled — one old, and one young. "He hasn't been with us, the last coupla week-ends. Have we lost



a club member? What's with Suitcase and that new-comer?"

"I've asked Suitcase...He says the kid is O.K." Louis explained the relationship. "He says that he knew the kid's family—all squares. Good, honest slobs They once went Suitcase's bail and loaned him some money. I hear that the old man died and the kid fell off the free-roll wagon when his mother became sick. He's appealing his case, and he may have a real good chance to beat this beef. It seems that some sucker laid out the lines to hire a top-flight mouthpiece...."

"I've talked to the kid," Al broke into the conversation, "and he's a reasonably smart youngster. But not *too* smart. Seems all right, and he could turn out to be a good thief."

"I've talked to him, too," put in Pinky. Then, in a slow, stop-and-start manner, Pinky went on to sketch his version of the youth's character.

"The kid's all filled up on knights-in-armour nonsense. Galahad and St. George The Crusades Chev-

alier De Bayard, Scott's novels and Paine and" A trace of wistfulness that had crept into his voice hardened suddenly into scalpel sharpness. "He's like a lotta guys I used to know. Guys who were convinced that it was purely feminine treachery that killed Dillinger a raw betrayal that fried Lepke ... a political puke that threw out Luciano Why, the kid is still fighting Deb's trial, and Sacco's, and Chessman's ..."

The group seemed to consider Pinky's words for a few moments — almost as though each was reminiscing.

"The kid insists on idolizing Suitcase — and guys like him — and that can only lead down a one-way street," Louie summarized. "Anyway, here they come," he added a moment later.

Suitcase, a replica cut from the same pattern as the other seven, sat down carefully next to Louie and made room for the youngster on the bleacher bench. He shook the last grains from a tobacco package into a cigaret paper and threw away the empty package.

"What's the matter?" the youngster asked. "Did you forget to order your tailor-mades and cigars?"

"Ran out of money," Suitcase growled. "After all, I've been in this joint better than six years now—and money don't last forever."

From the look on the youth's face it was evident that he didn't believe this explanation — not about Suitcase, nor about anyone in this group.

Louis drilled a surprised look at Suitcase. The look was caught — and in the briefest of wordless exchanges, communication and understanding was established. All but the youth were graduates of the old 'silent system' penology.

"All those stories about big money are for the rank suckers," Suitcase spoke to the youth in an aggrieved tone. "Sure, I *handled* a lot of money—probably better than a million, all told. But it's all gone — to pay off the top men, and coppers, witnesses, lawyers and all Why, my wife's out scrubbing floors so she can send me a few dollars once in a while. . . . I wish she'd get extra work at nights, or else find a job for my sister. . . ."

"You're lucky," Louie snatched the speaker's role and went on with a sour snarl. "My bag took off with most of what I had left out there. I guess I shoulda had her put in a sack years ago — bags for bags and all that. . . ."

"You mean you could, and would have your wife *killed*?" the youth asked.

"For less than the cost or the trouble of buying a second-hand car," Louie answered in an off-hand manner. "Matter a fact, old Suitcase, here, would be just the man. . . . Say, how do you think he got that name, anyway?"

"I don't know." The self-conscious and wide-eyed youth moved back as though to get a better look at Louis and Suitcase.

"Well, you musta heard something about those guys that tried to move into my territory a few years back."

Louie spoke directly to the youth. "The leader of that mob was a boyhood friend of Suitcase's. Certain people promised Suitcase a bagful of bills to bury the guy—because almost nobody else could get close enough to him to do the job. One thing about it, Suitcase earned that suitcase full of bills. But a switch had been made — and the bundles of bills were cut up handbills, the kind they pay to have delivered to people's doors."

"But I got even," parried Suitcase. "The guy who had contracted to pay me off wasn't liked any too well by some other people. So, I made a deal with them. I put him in that suitcase—and I arranged it so that his older brother wound up being charged. . . . ha, ha, . . . and almost hung for it. *He's* just finishing his life sentence for that. . . ."

"You. . . . you." Al's eyes and voice snapped with trap-door finality. "That's enough of that." Al was doing life for killing his brother — but everyone knew, of course, that he wasn't guilty.

"What did you do that for?" the youth asked Suitcase. He looked around at the pike-eyed group who had not only accepted the story without the quiver of an eyelash, but even seemed to derive a peculiar pleasure from the recital.

"What for?" snorted Louie. "Ha. Ha."

"Money." Pinky stated flatly. "What else?"

"Well, there's no denying that there's money to be made. *I* made a good buck," Buddy looked at Pinky but spoke to the group. "But I earned it. The muscle racket and the labour racket are rough."

"I remember all the publicity you got, and that you were in the hospital for nearly a year," the youth nodded and seemed pleased that the conversation had switched. "But you *won* didn't you? I remember that the shops you were trying to control all fell into line. . . ."

"Yeah, he won." Pinky laughed drily. "Get him to show you his decorations, sometime. How many broken ribs and bumps and how many scars—some of them inside."

"But look at the money I made," Buddy objected as though affronted. "I started out with only a small loan from a guy who thought I had brains. He knew my family and he'd previously put up the money for my schooling...." Buddy stopped and puffed thoughtfully at his cigar, then went on. "I didn't feel too happy about it when I had to send a bunch of hoods to wreck his little factory and to put him out of business — and his wife went insane when they pulled his car out of the lake...with him and the kids in it."

"I know you stood trial for that, and the other two guys swung, but I never understood just how you managed to square that beef." Louis looked at Buddy with respect and something like a new admiration.

"Oh, it *was* a tough beef to patch," Buddy explained nonchalantly, "but I made a deal with the coppers, kicked back a few thousand in hot bonds to them — and on top of that, of course, I had to throw those two goon partners of mine to the noose. I've made a few very profitable deals — and anyway, the mooches I fingered and the ones I set up for the coppers were competitors — mostly."

"Yeah, it was the same with me," Suitcase cut in, "except my guys mostly weren't competitors. They were just jobs. And, if certain parties would sooner see other certain parties in jail rather than not see them...why..."

The youngster, who had been taking quick glances from under the peak of his hat, shifted and scuffed his feet for a moment as though afraid to leave, but then, with a faintly discernible sneer on his face, he got up.

He said nothing in parting. He walked over to the long prison wall. He sat. Alone.

There was almost a full minute's silence. During that period, Pinky studied Louie and Buddy and Al and Suitcase. Finally, he leaned over and patted each on the shoulder. They looked up, in turn, from where they had been studying their shoelaces, and smiled. Abashed.

"We'd all deserve *Oscars* for that one," Pinky wryly voiced the opinion, "except the parts are much too easy for us."

"Aah, the kid will probably fall in with some punks who'll answer his questions, tell him all about their dancing girls and Cadillacs and dope...." Louie's voice suddenly snapped into his usual authoritative tone. "Put out the word, Suitcase."

"I'm away ahead of you — I've *already* got it set so that nobody will rap to him." Suitcase grinned slyly. "I got ways and means....But, say..." he continued, somewhat embarrassed; "thanks a lot. And say, could I borrow a few beans until I get a cheque cashed? The price for 'appeals' comes high... but I paid off an old debt...."

"Well, we lost him," Pinky mourned the youth's departure with what could have passed for mock regret. "But I'm not too sure he'd have turned out to be a good thief, anyway."

"Aw, what or who, precisely *is* a good thief?" Al jeered.

"You could get yourself committed for asking," Louie sneered caustically. "There's no sane answer to an insane question. It's like asking who is a good square-john...or a good copper."

"Come to think...I don't know..." Pinky mused, then chuckled. The sardonic humour in his grin defied analysis or classification. Pinky himself could not have pin-pointed in a few words just what it was that amused him.

"I've *never* been sure just who is, or was, a Good Thief," he said. "Nor on which side he supposedly was...But I have an *odd* theory about that. Now, the way *I* see it...."

... AND ALL THAT JAZZ



Jacquie Branton

Shortly after I was introduced to the writings of such Beat authors as Brossard, Kerouac and Ginsberg, I felt it was time for me to try my hand at some imaginative Beat poetry. Actually it wasn't my first venture into the realm of "The Beat Generation." Unknown even to myself I had been writing Beat poetry for years. It had, however, been published under the title of "Traumatic Experiences of a Psychopath." This I might add, was contained in an Anthology of Verse put out by group of subversive Mau Maus in Ghana.

To give you an idea of the type of thing I had been doing let me quote from one of my earlier poems entitled "CRACK." "Cracks staring bloody-eyed, searching ever into the abyss of Eternity." In retrospect I realize that I wasn't truly expressing my thoughts on the subject. So I have since revised this stanza to read, "Cracks-staring-Eternity." It goes without saying that to derive the feeling of this it is necessary to hear it done orally against a background of bongo drums and cricket chirps.

As you no doubt know the fusion of Jazz and Poetry has been one of the important contributions to the culture

of our day. Bearing in mind that I might be creating a gem that would live forever in the hearts of men I then wrote my "Ode to Monk." The opening line goes, "Dig, dig, dig, dig, dig, dig, dig." I won't bother quoting the other eighty-four lines at this time because they are really only ramifications of the main theme. Outside of a few drab Espresso joints in the North Beach area of San Francisco my work went unnoticed and unsung.

Realizing that no true artist can give of herself without first suffering I set out to suffer. Not wanting to bore you with the details of my years of dissipation, starvation, addiction and what not, I'll just say that when I finally got a pad that had wall to wall floors, I was ecstatic.

My soul searching was not unfruitful however. Not too long ago as I sat musing on the complexities of life, man and tribal customs on Madison Avenue, a profound thought came to me. I hastened to write it down and having done so I dedicated and sent it to my Father. It went, "Daddy-O, send bread!" I am pleased to add that I can now say that some of my work has brought me monetary as well as spiritual fulfillment. He sent me a cheque in today's mail.

Five

I HAVE FLUNG WORDS

I have flung words upon a barren page,
Casting them forth like nets so they might snare
My treasured thoughts and leave them panting there,
Tender and beautiful and even sage.
I have a secret hoard; I know a rage
Of Delphic utterance clamoring to declare:
I am the voice of all things free and fair!
I am the light that lives from age to age!
But all my words prove sorry things, I fear:
Tin triangles of repetitious sounds
That merely tinkle on the expectant ear.
How strange! when there is not a thing more dear
To my strung heart than those pure curves and rounds
Of melody I tell myself I hear.

E.E.C.

THE LAST GREEN LEAF

Oh, let the gray rain seek her softly,
Now chill and steady and slow;
And shield her lips from the icy mist,
Who hated the cold rain so.
But let her slim body lie warmly;
Safe in the friendly clay;
No anguish ever can touch her now,
At peace in the afterday.
Yet find me a refuge to run to,
With hands fallen empty and still
For the heart of me lies with the wet
green leaf
That covers her final hill.

Mary Thomason
Published DENVER POST,
December, 1960

SIGNIFICANCE

Once freed from hell
The intent of my mind will intervene;
And, all the knowledge that was gained
Will counteract the scene.
Experience has taught me well
That reason outweighs all
The crudeness of a man-made hell
Instated but to fall.
This mayhem cannot be repealed
Through any type of lust
For it has deemed a single-mind
Which holds an iron trust.
A vast volition was instilled
And strategy agreed
That cause attained its true effect
From one misshapen deed.

Mary Lloyd

WHITE LILACS, WHISPERING WILLOWS

White lilacs stained the air and wild, grey willows whispered
And envied as they rustled through the night.
They did not know that catkins, too, are envied
And, anyhow, that grey is almost white.

N.H.

DESTINY

Determined was his steady rise
And bold seemed his intent--
Perhaps to probe the vast unknown,
Discover what it meant.
Did he succeed, or did he Fail?
I'll never know, alas,
For he was just a tiny ant
Upon a blade of grass.

W.J.

poems



ALVIN

The Guilty Alligator

E. E. Chalmers

Once upon a time there lived in a certain swamp in the heart of the jungle an alligator named Alvin. For many years Alvin was happy with his life which was simple and self-fulfilling. And he imagined, quite mistakenly, that all the other alligators were happy and contented too. But his was because Alvin lived some distance from the main body of alligator society. Nature and circumstance had contrived to make of him an unintentional recluse living his alligator life in blissful ignorance of the main body of advanced alligator culture on the far side of the swamp.

Alvin spent his days in pursuits natural to his alligator nature, sometimes basking on the mud flats near the great waters of life, at ease with the instinctual knowledge that he and nature were one; that they were inseparable and

that this was right and good. Occasionally he would uncoil himself and slide powerfully into the river in quest for food. Then he would become part of the water as he had been a moment ago part of the land. And he knew that life was simply another extension of natural phenomena and he accepted it without qualification and would, when the time came, accept death in the same way, for it too was a part of that which was. And he would have undoubtedly gone on living out his life a perfectly balanced, nature-oriented organism had not the alligator society on the other side of the swamp been compelled to spread out around the shore as a result of an over-preoccupation with the act of procreation.

In a surprisingly short time a regular colony had sprung up around Alvin's no-longer tranquil domain. Suddenly

he found himself one of many alligators. Ah, well, he reasoned, we are all alligators together. And he thought little more about it.

But one day a deputation from the society of alligators approached him on the mud flats where he was enjoying his daily repose and ruminating over the best way to acquire his dinner.

"Good morning," he greeted them as the three alligators approached and stood in a little semi-circle before him.

But instead of returning his friendly salutation, they scowled and the one who seemed to be the leader of the group opened his great jaws and said:

"You are a disruptive influence on the members of our alligator society."

Alvin, to say the least, was somewhat bewildered. "I beg your pardon," he replied. "But why do you say that I am a disruptive influence?"

"Because," said the second member of the deputation, "you do not conduct yourself in the right and proper manner."

Now Alvin, who was a simple soul, was more bewildered than ever. "What do you mean?" he asked politely. "What is the right and proper manner in which to conduct myself?"

At that the third member of the deputation spoke up, frowning. "*Our* way is the right and proper way for any alligator to conduct himself," he said to Alvin. And he looked at Alvin so fiercely that Alvin felt a little shiver run down his long, scaly back.

"I have always conducted myself in the way the Great Mother designed me to function," he replied forthrightly.

"What do you mean, Great Mother?" snapped the first member of the deputation.

"Our Holy Mother, Nature," explained Alvin, becoming apprehensive.

"Blasphemer!" shouted the first member of the deputation.

"Anarchist!" cried the second member of the deputation.

"Heretic!" screamed the third member of the deputation.

"I am just a simple alligator," protested Alvin, near to tears.

"Ho!" said the leader of the deputation. "Hear him. He is just a simple alligator."

"He is innocent," sneered the second member.

"Traitors!" hissed the littlest member of the group, whose eyes were hot and who had a psychosomatic tic of the left nostril.

And, "What strange dream am I fallen into?" thought Alvin, unable to believe his eyes or his ears.

The leader of the group eyed him balefully, thrashing his long tail. "Do you believe in the All Powerful?" He shot the question at Alvin with venomous speed.

Alvin blinked. The sun, climbing rapidly into the morning sky, was scattering fire from the river into his eyes. "I believe in Our Holy Mother, Nature," he replied, although he was trembling and exceedingly frightened at the aggressiveness evinced by his fellow alligators, who somehow did not seem at all like himself.

"You," accused the leader of the group, "are an atheist. By your own words have you convinced yourself."

"But I do not understand," protested Alvin, now thoroughly frightened.

"You have denied the existence of the God of the alligators," said the second member of the group.

"I do not know this god," said Alvin, for he was a very simple alligator indeed.

"It is our God," replied the leader. "He who is all-wise and all-powerful."

"Is he wiser than the Holy Mother?" asked Alvin timidly.

"Yes," came the reply, "for we made him ourselves."

"And is he more powerful than She?" Alvin pressed, terribly anxious.

"Yes," came the reply, "for we are his inquisitors."

Alvin began to shiver. There on the warm, sunlit mud flats he began to

shiver and could not help feeling rather ridiculous. "But," he protested, "if you made your own god —"

"Oh, you are such a wrong-headed alligator!" scolded the leader of the deputation, flicking his powerful tail in contempt.

"What is it I do that is wrong?" asked Alvin.

"You live by yourself," said one.

"You are not at all like the rest of us," said the last one.

"In fact," declared the leader of the deputation, "you are antisocial."

"Which means abnormal," added the second member.

"And maladjusted," put in the littlest member triumphantly.

"In short," concluded the leader, "you have criminal tendencies."

Alvin began to weep because in reality he was a sensitive alligator and, although he could not put the thought into words, he felt that there was an enormous compulsion being put upon him through the medium of dialectics.

Just a short time ago he had been simply an alligator fulfilling his alligator destiny in accordance with the wise practical design of his dear mother, Nature. Now, through the agency of some alien terminology he was being hideously transformed into a Cerberus-like monstrosity. What terrible weapons were words, he thought, even as they trained on him another salvo from the inexhaustible arsenal of their heavy verbosity.

"According to all the tenets of right reason," pontificated the leader of the deputation, "you should be arraigned before a tribunal of your peers and justly condemned for failing to measure up to the sacrosanct concept of normality."

"You should be shut away from the world," said the second of his accusers.

"Or executed," cried the littlest of his accusers, he of the psychosomatic tic.

But there was not yet a jail in which to shut Alvin away and, as he had not

offended them sufficiently to warrant his execution, there was only one solution compatible with the honor and respectability of the alligator society.

"You must go into exile," decided the leader of the deputation.

"Yes," said the second member of the deputation. "You must go away."

"And never come back," added the littlest member.

Alvin was so shocked he could hardly speak. "Oh please," He appealed to them, looking at them all in turn and finding not one sympathetic eye. "Do not say that I must leave the place of my birth!"

"Ah — but we do say it," replied the leader.

"Most decidedly," chorused his henchmen.

Alvin would have repeated his plea but the leader opened his great jaws very very wide and cried, "Enough! You must leave this place, which is ours by right of Divine Necessity and the unwritten Law of Colonization. And you must never come back on pain of prosecution."

So it was that Alvin Alligator, he who had lived in simple harmony with his nature and had never been sick a day in his life, nor unhappy, nor uncertain, was cast out of the swamp forever.

And so he wandered over the earth a great sickness did come upon him, corroding his spirit so that he gradually came to believe the things that had been said of him and he reviled himself as a recalcitrant, abnormal, antisocial, maladjusted criminal alligator unfit to associate with the decent, well-adjusted, normal alligators who worshipped a personal god and made a mockery of Holy Mother Nature in their desire to set Her at naught.

So it came to pass that the simple alligator, having caught that disease which is the most pernicious of all diseases, nursed within his heart the cancer of his terrible guilt and lived unhappily forever after.

IT'S YOUR PRIVILEGE

The con's image, as anyone can tell you, is still woefully low-down on Canada's totem pole. As the result of a stubborn hold-over of our ancestors' vindictive attitudes, the newspapers, TV, policemen, etc., continue to accentuate the negative, reflecting the public's old stereotypes of what convicted criminals are like. Consequently the small voice of 'do-gooders' preaching the gospel that "Prisoners are people" is taken by most with a grain of salt. It behooves the con, therefore, within his limitations, to do whatever he can to *show* that prisoners really are people — sentient people with hopes and dreams and wishes and with an occasional virtuous trait among our over-advertised profligacies.

It would be a naive idealist indeed who would advocate the doing of good simply for good's sake. (For if you look closely enough you will see that any altruist has at least a hatchet to grind.) But quite often there arises an opportunity to profit from doing good. There are, paradoxical as it may seem, transactions in which everyone involved comes out a winner. Some men succeed in going through life doing nothing but good and get wealthy in the process. Even in prison an occasional opportunity arrises. Consider the following:

One hundred ninety-two dollars must be collected if K.P. cons are to continue for another year the adoption plan for Paraskevi, our little Greek girl. A dollar or two apiece from those who have it is a small price to pay for the chance to show the Canadian public that we are *not* unregenerately antisocial. (And hobby-crafters are invited to contribute small items for Paraskevi's Christmas parcel, by the way. It must be mailed soon.)

Most of K.P.'s 1,000-odd don't have any money, of course, and for that reason cannot contribute. But *Telescope* offers a second proposition, one which costs nothing, that everyone can get in on. Just sign a pledge, willing your eyes when you die to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind's Eye Bank of Canada. Admittedly, such a move may at first seem a bit drastic to one who hasn't too much practice in doing good.

"My eyes! My eyes!" is apt to be the first reaction. But think.

What use has a corpse for eyes? After the coffin lid is screwed down no one will know the difference. Then, a few days later, some total stranger who couldn't see before, will see.

Naturally it is years and years before you are planning to die. But make the gesture now, while there is yet time. Soon medical science will perfect a plastic cornea which will make eye donations obsolete. Or we may all one day be atomized into a mushroom cloud. Chances are we will never have to deliver, but it's nice to make the gesture. Anyhow, from a purely intellectual standpoint, a man is a sucker to cling to something beyond his need if he can profit, even indirectly, by pledging it.

Such profit — the furtherance of the message that cons are people — may or may not come to you directly, but it will come. Human interest stories get national coverage by the news media. The news media shape public opinion to a very large extent. Public opinion, in turn, is strongly reflected in the attitudes and policies of the judiciary, the parole board and the penal administrators. Although it is a long, circuitous route, you can plot it logically all the way round.

Because of security regulations, *Telescope* will not be able to contact you personally to solicit donations as we did last year. You can, however, see our Liaison Officer, D.J. Reason, S&S. He will be pleased to accept your signature on the necessary 314 form to transfer a dollar or two to the adoption fund. And if you will arrange to see Mr. Bell of the Classification Department, he will notarize your signature on an eye-pledge form.

So there it is, without recourse to emotionalism, two solid business propositions. Don't overlook the chance to cash in on the propaganda value.

Of course, if you want to be sentimental about it and give your buck so that little Greek girl may continue to have regular meals and a chance at some education, that's okay too. And if you want to sign an eye pledge purely to give another human being the gift of sight (quite apart from the hope of any good accruing to you) — it's your privilege.



Dear Foster Parents:

Goodmorning. We are keeping in good health and hope that you are also well.

I received today the eight dollars and two sheets and I thank you very much for all you are sending me.

Our village is built on a hill. Now that spring is here the weather is warmer but the snow has not yet melted. The snow has to be all gone before the farmers can start planting their seeds.

All my family, my mother, my brothers and my sister, send you regards. Please give our regards to your families and your friends. I kiss you with respect, your foster daughter,

Paraskevi Kostavasili
Arta
Greece

Girls in the Prison for Women are knitting up some things to include in a gift parcel for Paraskevi. A man in dissociation donated 4 petit points; the carpenter shop is making frames for them. Another hobbycrafter gave some costume jewelry to send.

What can you contribute for your twelve-year-old foster daughter's Christmas? The parcel has to be made up and sent within the next thirty days in order for her to receive it in time for the holiday. Hobbycrafters, and others too for that matter, are invited to participate. Contact Telescope!



Louis Pernokis

Art Wade at bat with two men on for the Chiovitti Banana Kings from Toronto. The wind-up — and the pitch. Smash! over the right field wall to lead the Saints 3-0 in the last half of the first. The Saints failed to score in the remaining eight innings but they did come close in the sixth. The fans were on their feet in the last of the sixth when the Saints loaded the bases with none out. The Kings' manager, Wade, replaced pitcher Lynn Bottoms of Toronto Argo football fame, with Don Smith. Three legendary Caseys came to bat and a thousand disappointed fans reseated themselves with obvious contempt. An interesting side-light to this game came in the fifth when Pat 'The Panther' Gaddy lost three teeth as a result of running into Lynn Bottoms who was holding down first base. Pat's comment after the game: "Man!" he said with a toothless grin. "That guy didn't budge an inch."

We thank the Kings: Ashton, Hilton, Hampton, Wade, Menkes, Fisher, Smith, Bottoms and Hutchinson for the entertainment.

The percentage of games played in the prison Fastball League have ended in ties. All teams have a few games under their spikes and it appears that they couldn't be more evenly matched.

Wally Dumas started a little slow but came on to have the best earned run average of the month. Six foot-two inch Wally is undoubtedly the Most Improved Player.

With the score tied and a runner on third, Herb Handy caught an impossible line drive to the right of second base off the bat of — ? Herb's catch was the Play of the Month.

Game of the Month was a two-all tie between Dawson's Tigers and Moore's Yanks. Wood, the Tiger hurler, allowed no earned runs while Dequene gave up one hit for the Yanks and walked sixteen.

Kenny Weston has ten hits; nine runs batted in; two home runs and a .560 batting average to prove that he is the Player of the Month. Kenny also has the prize the Committee gives for this award.

The top batters this month (I'm sorry I don't have their averages): Kenny Weston, Herb Handy, 'Red' McKillop, Paul Verdun and 'Popular' Ken Burns. All players have played six games.

I've touted the proposed, the supposed, the promised, the said, dual handball-court for months in this magazine and now that it's under way who do you think wound up with the contract to dig the foundation? You guessed it — me and the excavation gang. In the middle of the present court you will find bags of cement, bricks, blocks and all the apparatus required to build a wall twenty feet high and long and three feet wide along with a four-foot hole for the foundation. The handballers don't seem to mind the temporary inconvenience because the action is as heavy as always. The Great Wall of China should be as strong as this one.



KINGSTON PENITENTIARY SOFTBALL RECORDS (1950-1961)

MOST RUNS	39	FAZEKAS	1952	BATTING CHAMPIONS	
MOST HITS	43	FAZEKAS	1952	1950 .432	FARMER
MOST 2B	11	CONSTANTINE	1952	1951 .408	HANDY
	11	STOCKMAN	1955	1952 .494	FAZEKAS
MOST 3B	4	MEDLEY	1958	1953 .438	THOMPSON
	4	STOCKMAN	1958	1954 .000	????????
MOST HR	14	JOHNSON	1953	1955 .433	STOCKMAN
MOST RBI	31	BLAKE	1956	1956 .434	CONSTANTINE
MOST BB	27	STOCKMAN	1957	1957 .373	STOCKMAN
MOST SO	25	ZIGMAN	1956	1957 .373	WILBURN
LEAST SO	0	DEVEAUX	1955	1958 .443	JOHNSON
MOST SB	8	DUBE	1956	1959 .438	MEDLEY
MOST SAC	7	THIBEAULT F.	1958	1960 .383	BANNOCH
MOST SH	2	PERRY	1960	1961 .465	GARDNER J.
MOST PB	29	HILTZ	1960		
BEST BA	.494	FAZEKAS	1952	PITCHING CHAMPIONS	
MOST E	20	FAZEKAS	1952	BEST WON-LOST RECORD:	
	20	THOMPSON	1952	BARRINGER	14-4 1951
	20	SMITH N.	1951	HOBDAV	14-4 1955
MOST DP	7	BARR	1958		
MOST PO	183	HLUSIAK	1957	MOST STRIKE OUTS:	
MOST A	59	KING	1955	BARRINGER	263 1950
BEST FA	.994	CONSTANTINE	1960	STATTA	162 1958
				STATTA	161 1960

NO HIT, NO RUN GAMES

WOODS	7 Innings	HOBDAV	7 Innings	BEST EARNED RUN AVER.	
EGOHEN	7 Innings	RODERIGUE	9 Inning	STATTA	2.07 1959

MISC

Around the heavy punching bag in the yard, keeping in shape, one can always find ten to fifteen men. This bag fascinates me. It hangs on a cross-bar, welded to two supported uprights and can be adjusted to any height from the standing platform underneath it and it weights about a hundred and fifty lbs. It fascinates me because of the attraction it holds for most anyone. One man walks by it, stops, comes back, looks at it, hits it and then moves on without a word. Another comes purposefully to it, growls, throws a right and left cross then leaves. Yet another will punch it, kick it and swear at it then sit down for wind.

The other evening I watched as an individual walked by this bag on three different occasions. The first time he patted at it like a friend. The next time he ignored it completely. The third time he was looking at it through the corner of his eye and just as he was about to pass he turned and really layed one into it. Few are actually indifferent to this bag and the ones who don't hit it are merely shy. Believe me when I tell you: go out and take a few rounds out of that bag; it does something to you. Tony Gardner hits it with precision and strength. Danny Donohue does it with determination, Jackie Richards with speed and science. 'Little Peanuts' doesn't weigh as much as the bag, but he gets it rocking. John Prince punches with his own variation of the Twist. Tommy Cunningham in a stand-up position, throws a series of rapid combinations. Yours truly forms images in his mind and just keeps hammering away till he falls exhausted. You know, if I had the time I could write a book about that bag. Why only the other evening I....

This is the last time I write this column. I *have to* go home in a couple of months and I can't find the time to give the Sports the coverage it deserves. Before I say so-long, I wish to clarify a few matters I've mentioned in past issues of the 'Scope and one I didn't mention.

First: The mile run by Grant Morgan in 1961 was recorded 4 *minutes* and 28 *seconds flat*. I didn't clock the race as I'm sure 1000 others didn't. I can only go by the records. What else?

Second: One of my "I cross my heart it's true" friends cut me in on the information about Gus Constantine's 1000 fielding average. I checked and learned that the information was wrong. *I apologize*. Gus made an error.

Third: I was here in '56 when the shortstop from an outside team made an unassisted triple play. I was here at the time and saw for myself, but, *I could be wrong*. Red McKillon should remember, he was caught off second.

Fourth: At no time did Louis Pernokis make claims to being the "strongest in the house." I know Lou's as well as anyone and though he does lift weights, he wouldn't make claims.

CENSUS

Received during month.....	62	Discharged during month	19
Transferred	41	Escaped	0
Died	1	At Large	0
Total	966	Paroled	1

Letters to the Editors

Dear Sirs:

In the May, 1962, edition of Telescope a commendation was made to Mr. Harold King of Toronto by 8651. I haven't the slightest doubts about the sincerity on the part of the giver or the receiver.

Mr. King is no doubt a very rare Christian person who like Christ said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." or as the good shepherd with the ninety and nine that lay safely in the fold, who saw fit to retrieve the one that strayed.

As long as Harold King follows his true Christian works without thought of financial reward, he will receive very little publicity. Today we live in a social atmosphere which pursues and praises the almighty dollar and looks on the works of our great Master and Teacher, Jesus Christ with utter contempt.

W. Fuller
Brantford

Dear Sirs:

St. Leonard's House has officially opened and at the present time we have two guests and a Housemaster. Construction is now underway to improve the property.

The fellows of St. Leonard's are interested in your news.

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) T.N. Libby
Windsor.

Dear Guys and Girls:

During the first leg of my recent trip to Europe, I stopped over at Kingston but could not get permission to visit the penitentiary. So I directed a prayer for you all and went on my way.

I visited the hydrotherapy spa in Harrogate, Yorkshire, and spent some time with the post polio children in Ireland. I particularly liked Ireland, and Holland too I liked very much. The trip through the Panama Canal in pouring rain was delightful, but I didn't care for Venezuela. Ideas I had and reports on my work I will write you about later.

After Prison, What? is a book by Maud Ballington Boothe, though out of print now, might be found via the Salvation Army or Volunteers of America through Toronto officers. It's a fine book. I meant to check on it myself, but I've mislaid the name of the head of the Salvation Army in Toronto. En route from Montreal there was no time to look him up and accept his cordial invitation. Do you have his name?

Good luck to you all,

Carrol Sperry,
Los Angeles.

We regret we no longer have Miss Sperry's home address. If anyone can tell us we should like to send her back copies of Telescope and give her Lieut. C. Eacott's name.

Eds.

Dear Sirs:

While doing a series of articles on K.P. for Star Weekly a couple of years ago I learned about *Telescope* and have read it from time to time since.

I would like to congratulate you on "Pinky." The author has a good style of writing and he should be proud of it. A lot of us write, or think we can write. But very few of those who think they can write actually have that extra something which sets them apart. In my opinion, this extra something can't be acquired. It's like a shift in hockey.

Anyway, I enjoyed Pinky. And while I'm handing out kudos, that fellow who wrote "The Letter" knows what he's doing too.

Regards,
Lloyd Lockhart
Radio CHUM

Pinky will be heard from again through these pages. The eds.

Dear Sirs:

There is gold in the dross or your magazine and pieces of genuine poetry embedded in the doggerel on the center spread. I have read worse publications in the professional field, although your make-up has room for vast improvement. It is too bad you could not switch to a larger size, even if that meant dropping three or four pages. You would then have the space to plan your layout. This is merely a suggestion offered because I think *Telescope* really has the potential. Your editorials are crisp and effective while the prose ranges from competent to excellent. If your poets were to school themselves in some of the traditional poetic forms, such as the Ode, the Sonnet and the

shorter lyric I am sure they would accomplish much that is fine.

Mrs. Jay Addison
Conder Magazine
Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I have to write and thank you for the article by Wally Johnston, "Criminology or Mythology?" He has freed my mind from horror I endured for eight years with a paragraph on page thirty-five in the April issue. He remarks that a certain school of psychoanalysis blames all social misdemeanor on the Oedipus complex, or mother-fixation, with attendant hatred of the father image, inspired by jealousy. I was under the impression that only one category was given this hideous image of their character.

Mythology is correct. Crane Brinton in his book, 'Ideas and Men' remarks that psychology and psychiatry draws its types from Greek mythology because Science believes it is not feasible to be objective about any culture that has not draw to a finish in its cycle.

This may be a backhanded compliment to the Christian culture, an admission that it has not as yet run its full cycle so that the types given in Hebrew Literature — The Bible — can be objectively discussed to classify human behavior. This is nonsense: Evangelical Churches are continuously doing this sort of analysis to enlighten all comers, and it is more inclusive than Greek Mythology, which you are aware is well known only to the university-educated.

Wally Johnston is rendering a real service by his writings. These perceptual qualities he shows are invaluable. I thank him.

Sincerely,
F. Lett,
Calgary.



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